MAYFAIR

Vol. 22 No.4

£1.50

TONY CURTIS'S EX-GIRLFRIEND DEBEE ASHBY

The first full frontal picture

UNCOVERED

The girl who signed the Official Secrets Act

NORTH AMERICA
$4.50
AUSTRIA 65.00 SCH
CANARIES 550.00 PTAS
DENMARK 28.50 KR
FINLAND 23.00 FM
FRANCE 36.00 NF
GERMANY 13.80 DM
HOLLAND 9.90 FL
ITALY 6,400 L
NORWAY 38.50 KR
SPAIN 530 PTAS
SWITZERLAND 6.70 SFR

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
DONALD MILNE
AND
JON BERNARD

THE AMAZING Debee Ashby

When you're a popular *Page Three* girl, you are bound to mix in celebrity circles, but few have been as much admired as 19-year-old Debee Ashby. Debee has had a string of famous boyfriends, met at the top London night spots she enjoys so much. But perhaps her most famous liaison was her week spent at the Palm Springs home of film star Tony Curtis. Sixty-year old Curtis fell for Debee's 36D-25-35 figure when they met at a London party, and even paid the £2,200 air fare to his home. But what happened then?

Debee with Tony Curtis. After meeting her at a London night club, 60-year-old Curtis invited her to his Palm Springs home for a week of champagne and caviar. But 'there was no hanky panky', insists delicious Debee.

Debee claimed it was all quite innocent. 'Tony was a gentleman,' she said. 'There was no hanky panky.' However other boyfriends have been less restrained. Andy

Kyriacou, drummer with Modern Romance, claimed they had a 'sexy fling'. And Rick Parfitt, 37-year-old Status Quo star, was photographed in a passionate embrace with Debee at the *Valbonne* night club. But not everyone is pleased to see her. Her old school in Coventry banned her from re-unions, and Lanchester Poly kept her away from a charity concert.

Earlier, the King Henry VIII school expelled Debee after appearing in topless pictures with her mother (see below). However, that has not hampered her career.

...and now her first nude pictures

Her spectacular body was immediately snapped up for *Page Three*. Then Debee stopped modelling after suffering from bulimia nervosa, the overeating disease. She ballooned out to 10½ stone, and felt too fat to pose. Now she's slimmed down again, and is back in front of the camera. She also runs her own model agency — based appropriately in Wapping.

Elizabeth

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
VICTOR BRUNN

'Lingerie makes me feel much more feminine'

Debee with her mother Ann Ashby. Photos like this one led to Debee being expelled from Coventry's King Henry VIII school. Ann, 38, with a fine 35-23-34 figure, said at the time, 'I posed for them for a giggle.'

‘Underwear is a great turn on for men’

As far as 20-year-old Elizabeth Tate is concerned, what a girl wears *under* her dress is just as important. ‘Exotic lingerie makes me feel so much more feminine, even if nobody else can see it,’ she explained. ‘And,’ the 34-22-34 beauty added, ‘I have always found underwear a turn-on for men.’

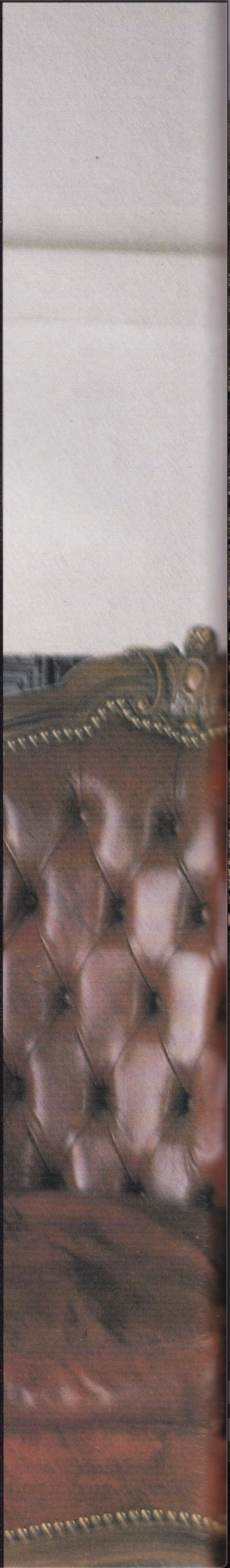
Elizabeth can indulge her tastes for silk and satin as she is manageress of one of York's classier boutiques. 'I love it when guys come in to buy knickers or suspenders for their girlfriends. They get so embarrassed. One cheeky chap actually asked me to model some for him. He was so dishy I almost did.'

'I was asked to model knickers for one guy'

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
BASIL CRAWFORD-SMITH

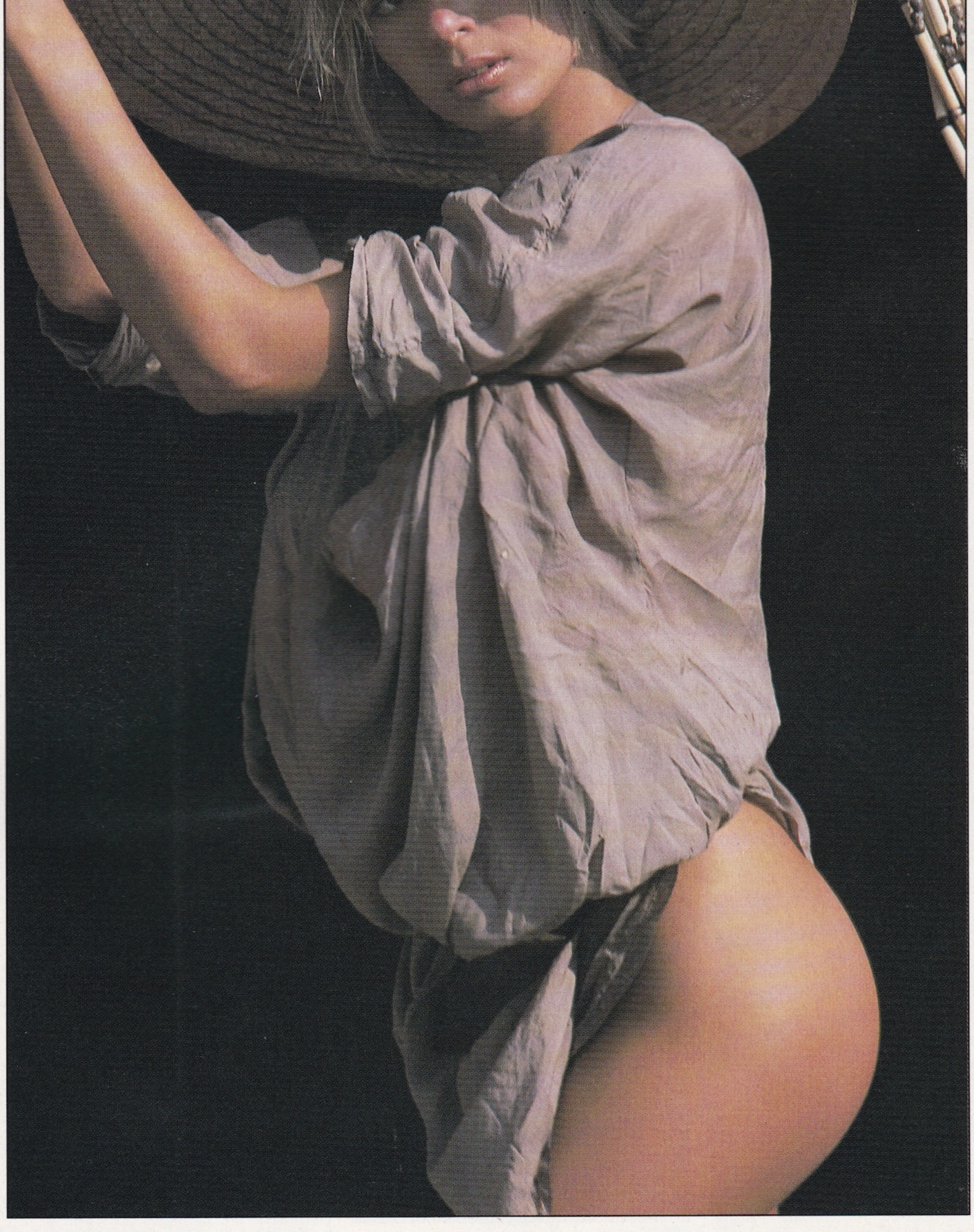
LYNDA

Sexy Lynda Spencer is used to seeing men open-mouthed and dribbling. But it is not always in reaction to her 36-24-35 figure. For Lynda, 22, is a dental nurse, working in a practice in her home town of Reading. 'We call our dentist Jaws which is a bit unfair as he is very gentle really. But I have to laugh at some of the patients. We get huge macho guys come in who turn into big babies and panic as soon as they hear the drill start.'



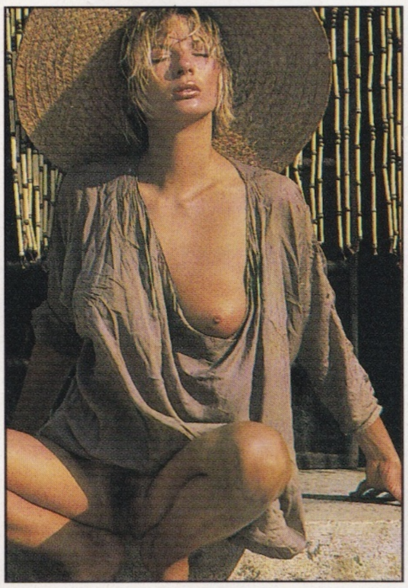
After work, Lynda likes to relax with a strenuous game of squash at her local club, followed by a sauna. 'I find there's nothing like a hard workout and a sauna for putting me into a wonderful mood. After that I'm ready for a bottle of wine and dinner in my favourite Italian restaurant if I have a man in tow. If not, I might spend the evening in a nightclub with friends.' At the weekend Lynda enjoys a lunchtime drink in a country pub followed by a long walk.

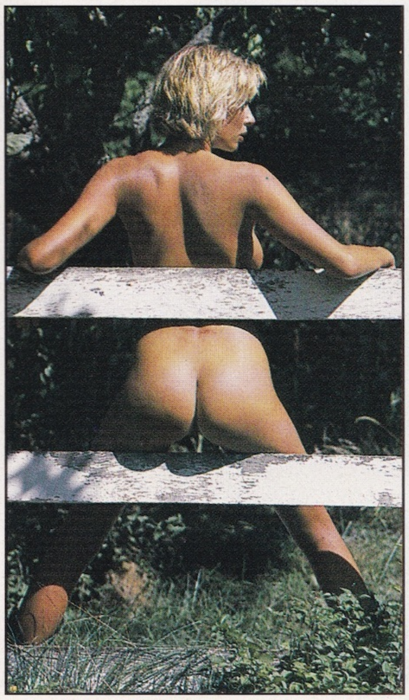
Francoise

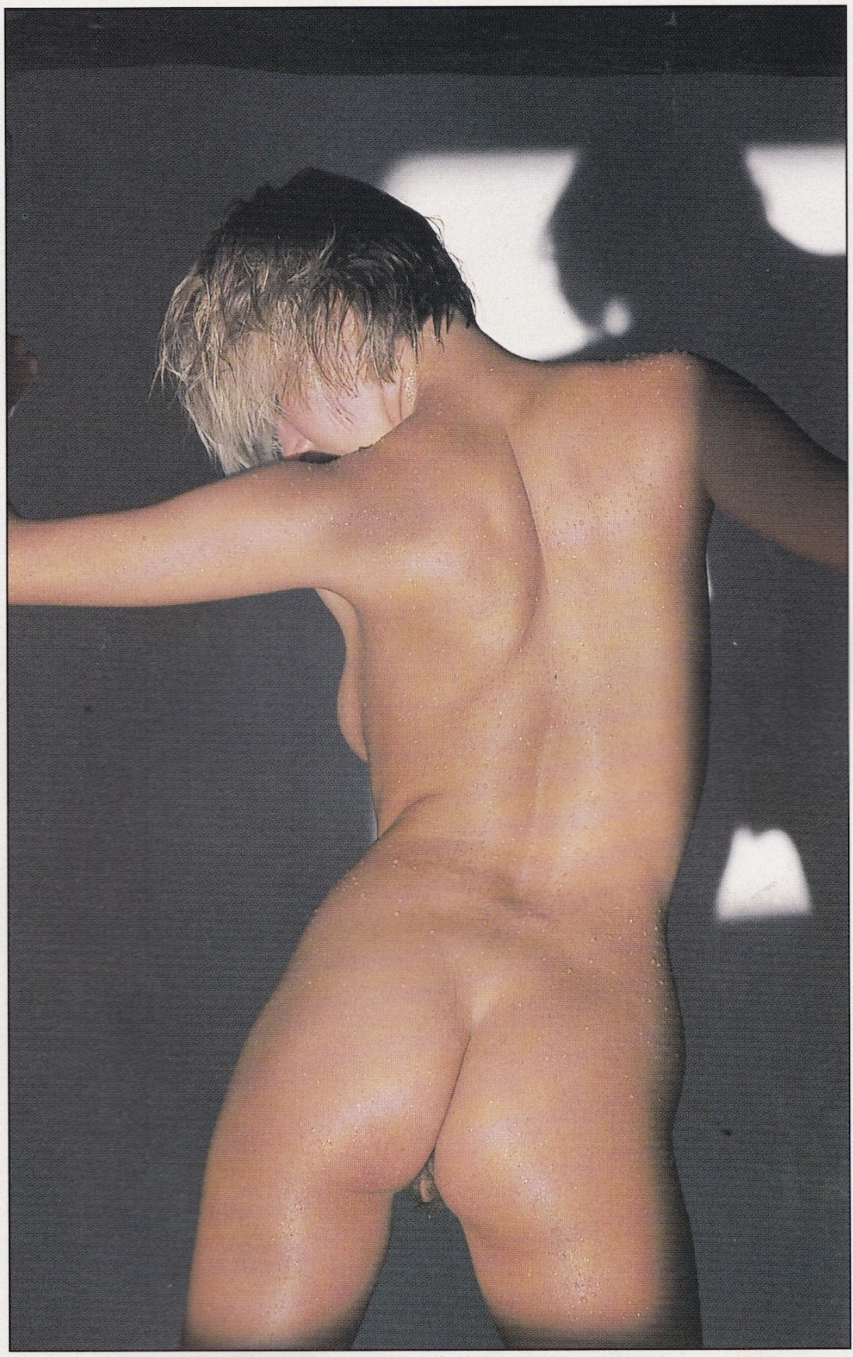


PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JOHN
PATRICK BURGESS

'Having a French mother does have its advantages,' says 20-year-old Francoise Mellor, sipping from a large glass of chilled Chablis. 'Even visiting relatives is painless when you can spend the holidays lazing round the family vineyard.' That's where her lithe 34-22-34 picked up its tan.

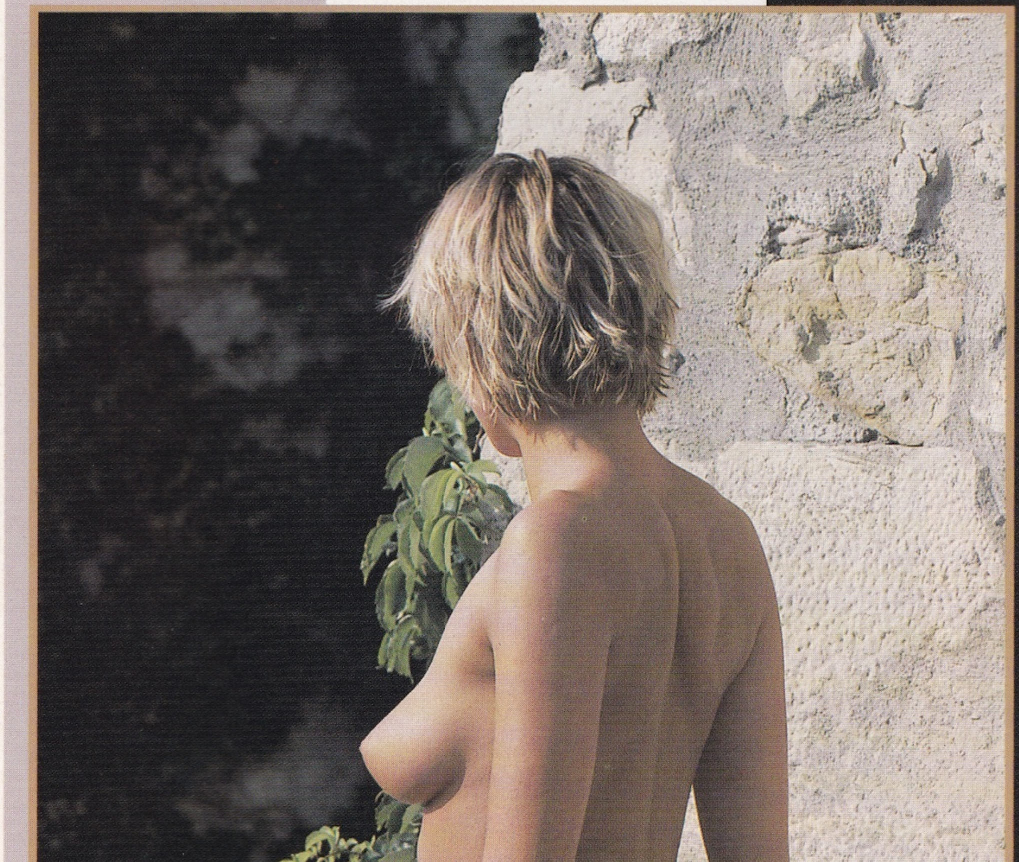


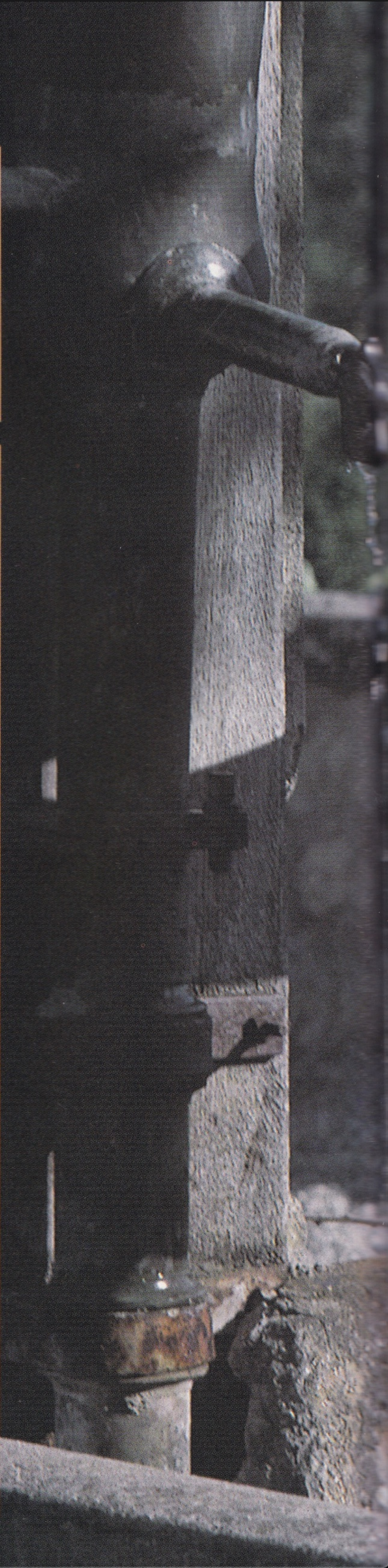




But during term time Francoise lives a more down to earth life in a rented house in Ilford which she shares with three other students. 'I was brought up to be bilingual, so taking a degree in languages seemed the obvious thing to do,' she explained. 'I'd like to end up working as a translator eventually.'

Being fluent in French also comes in useful when Francoise is resisting the advances of predatory males in *Blakes,* her favourite Covent Garden wine bar. 'After pretending I don't speak English and making them struggle with their schoolboy French, I surprise them with a little anglo-saxon.'





PHOTOGRAPHED BY
DONALD MILNE

TONI

Sexy Toni Malone, 19, can't tell you what she did before becoming a model — it's a secret. For Toni was an apprentice electronics technician at Marconi, and had to sign the Official Secrets Act as they do government work. But fortunately her 36-28-34 is no secret.

Toni, who lives in Chatham, went to the Christchurch secondary school where she is still popular with the teachers. 'My picture was in the local paper, and when my sister took it to school

the teachers already had it pinned up in the staff room.' After leaving school Toni spent two years at Marconi learning about wiring and testing equipment, then turned to modelling.

Toni, who is making her glamour debut in these pictures, hadn't thought about modelling until she saw a story in the *News of the World* asking for girls to send in their photos for a possible film role. 'I didn't get the part,' she said, 'but now I am hoping to be a full-time model. I like it immensely because I enjoy seeing myself looking so different from how I do in real life. I usually sit around in jeans and jumpers.' When she is not working, Toni enjoys driving her Datsun Sunny, and she is quick to deny the old jokes about women behind the wheel. 'I think women are careful drivers, and they're not as fast as men. And I passed my test first time.'

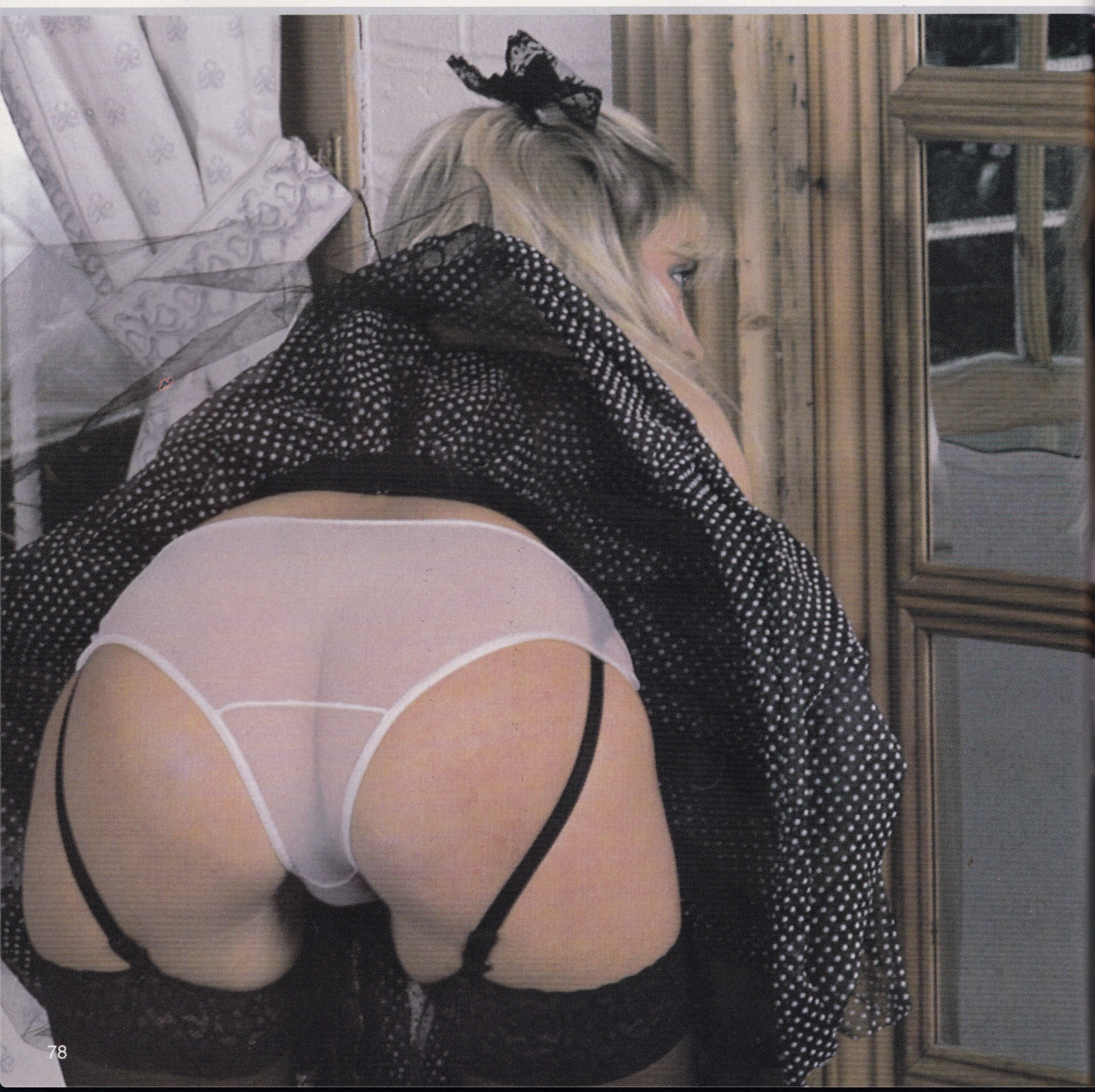
TONI
MALONE

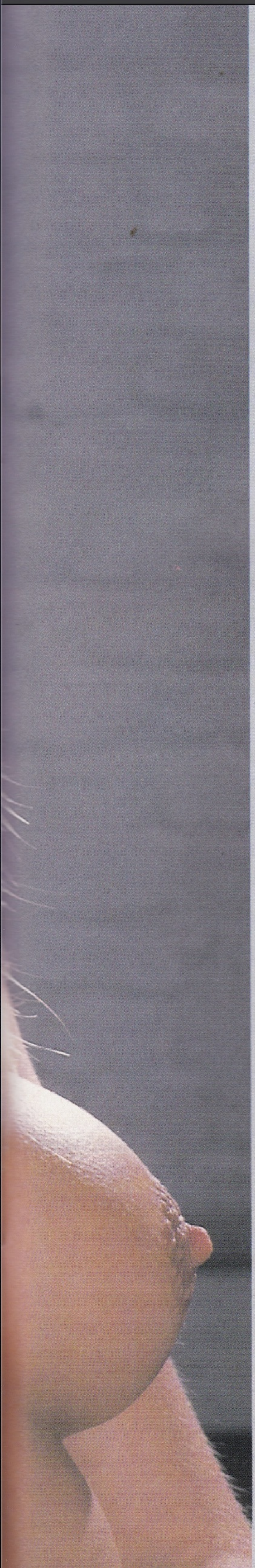
MAYFAIR

Girl of the month

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JOHN ALLUM

P A T

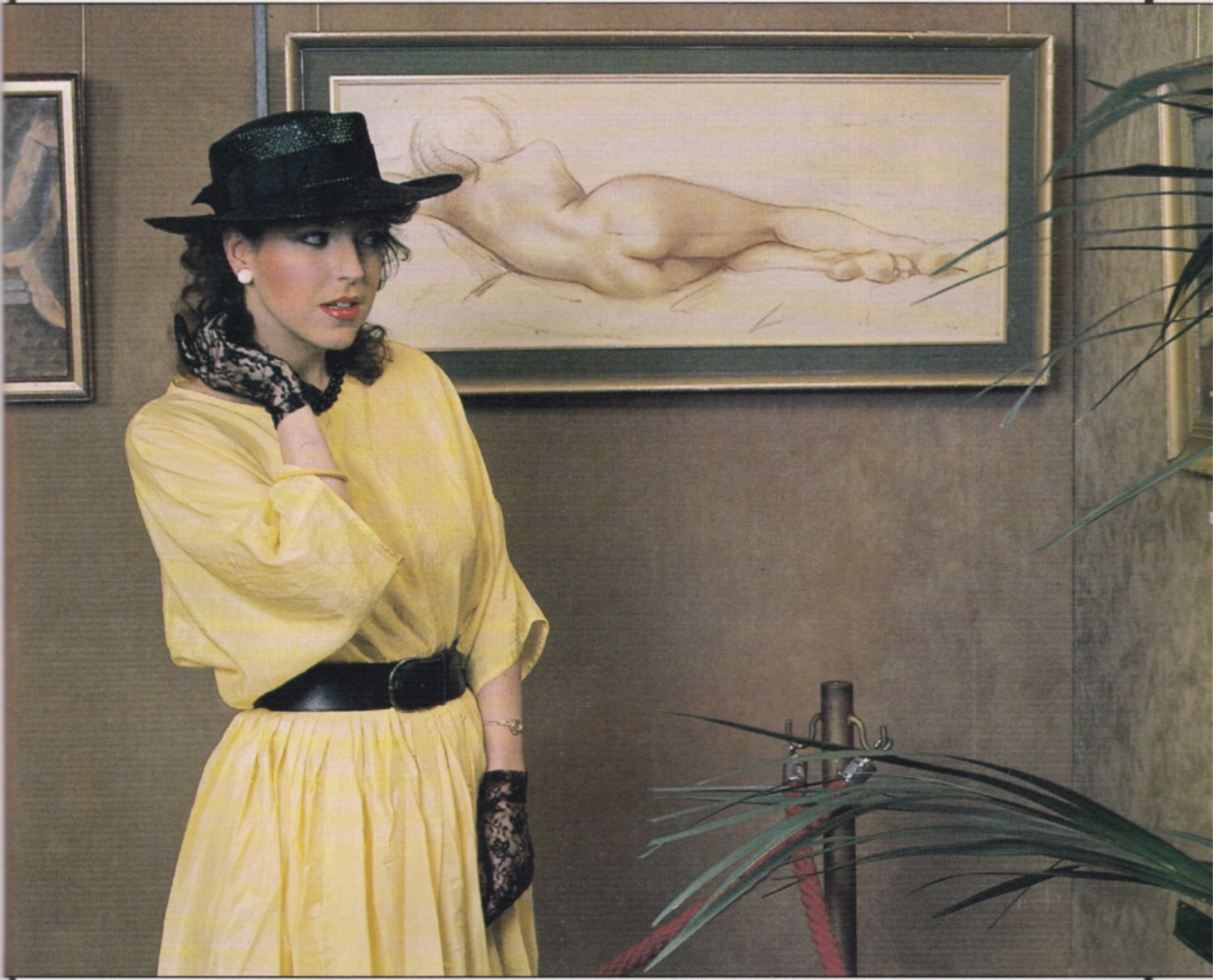




PAT Gilchrist, 26, is a highland lassie and proud of it. But even she draws the line at eating haggis. 'I think it's revolting,' said our 34-22-34 Edinburgh beauty, 'I'd much rather have a chinese meal.' Pat went to the James Gillespie private school, leaving at 16 to train as a beautician, giving massages and facials. But she got bored so she gave it up and has been doing promotion work.

PAT'S work takes her all over the country and abroad, but she always looks forward to returning north of the border. 'I love Edinburgh, and Glasgow too. It's not at all rough like people make out. And there are some great clubs there. My favourite is *The Cotton Club*.' But all *sassenach* readers can take heart — Pat thinks Scotsmen can be a little on the rude side, and prefers Englishmen's manners. During the winter months she often spends the weekend on the ski slopes at Glen Shee or Aviemore. 'I learned at school, and though I'm not brilliant I can handle moderate runs quite well now,' she said.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
DAIVD CROSSWAITE



THE
VIEWING

A WORK OF INTRIGUING EROTICISM…

She had woken that morning in a fever — something to do with spring, she thought, or could it be the too long absence of a body at her side . . . ?

The invitation to the Viewing was a week old. Art did not interest her, but it would be a change to wear something smart, perhaps meet someone new.

SUBTLE YET SENSUAL LINES…

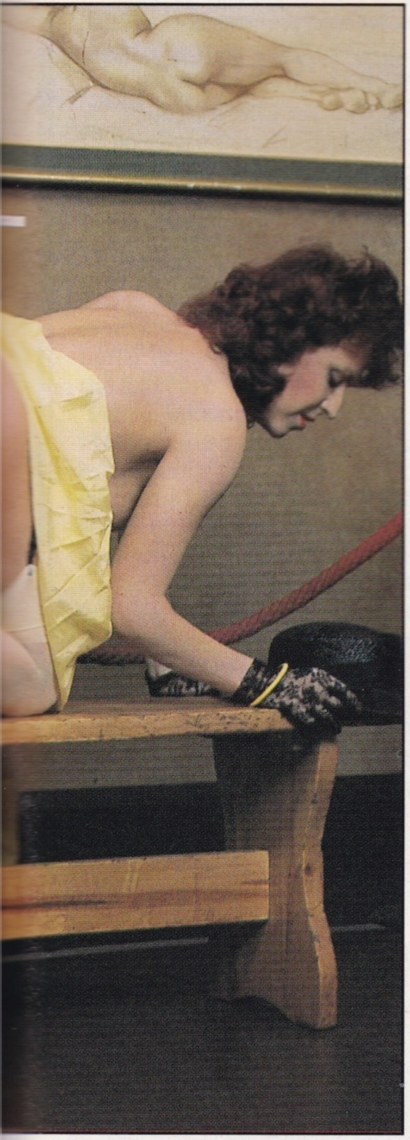
The gallery was discreetly expensive, a mix of classic and modern, but her timing was out. Only a guard slumbered in the quiet. Then she saw the nude.

. . . CAPTURING THE MODEL'S ELEGANCE . . .

She had posed for it two years before — the artist an impoverished student, a passing lover. The memory stirred desire in the warm, stifling air.

…AND A QUALITY OF SHEER FUN…

A TRIP WELL WORTH MAKING



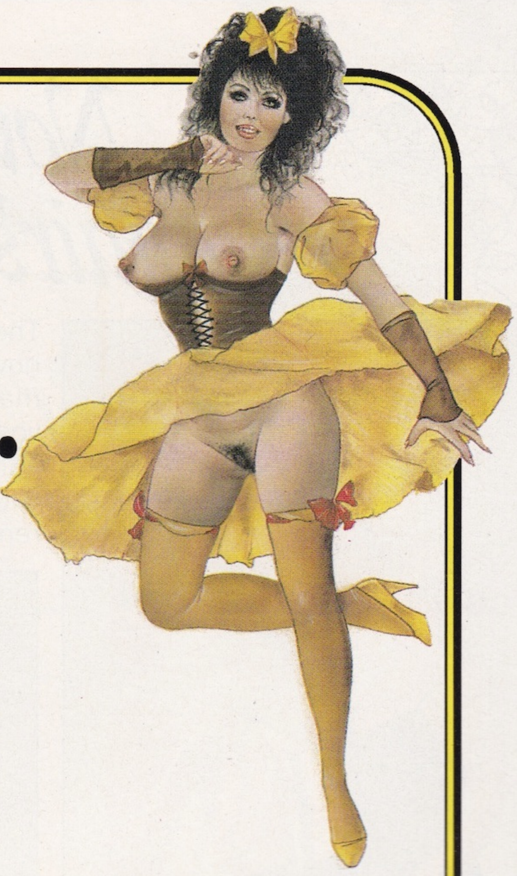
The urge to shock, to tease, to titillate matched her morning fever. Garments slipped away, and this Viewing was her very own — as her viewer slept.

IT'S A VIEWING THAT SHOULD NOT BE MISSED

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB



A venerable member of the gentleman's club was flabbergasted to find a large vibrator on one of the oak tables.
'Good grief, Smithers,' he said to the club steward, 'What ever is this doing here?'
'It belongs to Lord Elpmey, sir,' he replied. 'I understand he uses it on his wife.'
'Then have the blighter barred,' exploded the old man. 'The rules strictly maintain that this club is only open to men of good standing.'

Winston Churchill is credited with so many stories that some are certainly apocryphal. This one has the ring of truth, though.
The great man was sitting on his toilet one morning when the telephone rang. His butler answered it, and came running to the toilet door.
'Prime minister,' he shouted urgently. 'There is a call for you, sir, and it's vitally important.'
'Who the hell is it,' came the stern reply.
'It's the Lord Privy Seal, Prime Minister,' answered the butler with reverence. 'Well tell him that I am sealed in my own privy and can only deal with one shit at a time.'

We have just received the results of a poll of our male readers about how they like their girls to look. The replies to the question on what sort of legs they prefer were particularly interesting.
Five per cent said they liked thin legs.
Three per cent they like fat legs.
And 92 per cent said they prefered something in-between.

One female *Mayfair* reader tells us that she has slept with a man who is so arrogant that when he gets excited he shouts out his own name.

We all know about Bo Peep, do you?
She deserted her sheep for a screw.
Now the sheep are all going,
But she's too busy blowing
The horn of Little Boy Blue.

The handsome young student was at the fancy dress hirers, explaining his problem to the girl behind the counter.
'I've been invited to a fancy dress party,' he said, 'but I've only got a quid. Can you help?'
'Yes, I think so,' smiled the assistant. 'How about going as Adam, we can do you a fig leaf for 95p. Just strip off, and I'll make sure that I get you one the right size.'
After a little persuasion, the student stripped off.
'I'd say you were medium,' the assistant said, eyeing him with interest. 'I'll get you one.'
With that, she climbed up the shop step ladder. She was wearing a micro mini-dress, and the student got a fine view as she reached for the top shelf. So much so that when she came down, it was obvious that a large-sized fig-leaf would be necessary. So she went back up the ladder again.
Her second ascent assured that an even larger leaf was required. She looked around, and picked out an extra large model, but by the time she returned even that was too small.
'I'm sorry, sir, you're too big for our fig leaf range,' she said with a smile. 'Might I suggest this.'
With that she produced a large cardboard box with the word 'Super' written on it.
'Put this over your head and go as a petrol pump.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

Great Quotes of Our Time:
On one occasion Noel Coward was staying in Hollywood when he was told that a famous actor had committed suicide. The actor had always had the reputation of being rather thick, and Coward asked how he had done it.
'He blew his brains out,' came the reply.
'Good heavens,' said Coward. 'I didn't realise he was such a brilliant shot.'

'I haven't seen you for a couple of weeks, where have you been?' asked the barman of one of his regulars.
'I've just come back from a ten day convention in Brussels for believers in re-incarnation.'
'Really? I didn't know you were into that. Mind you, it must have set you back.'
'Yes, £800,' replied the customer. 'But what the hell? You only live once.'

A drunk was waiting for a bus holding some little brown pellets in his hand. The man next to him in the queue grew curious, and asked him what they were.
'They're intelligence pills,' replied the drunk with a broad grin on his face. 'They are guaranteed to make you more clever.'
'Is that so,' said the man intrigued. 'Can I try one?'
The drunk handed him a pill, and he swallowed it.
'I don't feel any more intelligent.'
'Have another,' offered the drunk, handing him a few more which he downed in one.
'Urrrgg!' he said. 'These tablets taste like sheep droppings.'
'You see!' said the drunk triumphantly. 'They're working already.'

What do you need to open a lesbian night club?
A licker licence.

THE LOVER YOU CAN'T FORGET

QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

Everyone remembers the sexual partner who became a longterm relationship. But sometimes the lover who sticks in the memory is someone more fleeting and elusive. They may be a one night stand, an instant infatuation — often sex may not even take place — but they have never been forgotten. This month Quest talks to two people with just such experience.

PERSONAL FILE

Name . . . . Witheld
Sex . . . . Female
Age . . . . 28 Years
Town of Origin . . . . Hamilton
Other details . . . . This attractive brunette was educated in Scotland before moving to the South of England. She works for a large firm of accountants, and shares a flat with her boyfriend.

Quest: What makes a man unforgettable to you?

Manager: Oh God — lots of things, some I'd rather forget!

Quest: I assumed pleasant memories, perhaps erotic ones?

Manager: I have lots of naughty memories — a bit too many, I think sometimes! Obviously I'll never forget people I've been very close to. There've only been three important relationships since I came south, including my present boyfriend — and I was engaged briefly before I left. But, funnily enough, the ones that stick in my mind tend to be isolated instances — with people I didn't really know at all.

Quest: You mean casual lovers?

Manager: No — in fact, the man I'm especially thinking of I never slept with at all. I know it sounds typically female and romantic — the love that never was, and all that rubbish! But I've never forgotten him.

Quest: I would have thought more usual sexual highpoints would have stayed with you — losing your virginity, for example?

Manager: Oh that was a *disaster!* I wouldn't want to remember that — fumbling about on my little bed with the curtains pulled one Sunday afternoon — *terrified* my parents would come back any minute! I wouldn't let the boy take my skirt off — just my knickers. And I refused to let him take anything off. It only lasted about five seconds — I didn't even realise he'd been inside me until later. It was just the awfulness of actually having done it that was important. I don't remember *feeling* anything. The boy was my fiance, actually. I think it blighted our relationship — we never did get it together properly in bed!

Quest: Presumably you had a first climax — wasn't the person who gave you that special in some way?

Manager: Yes, he had a very bushy moustache!

Quest: That was all?

Manager: That's honestly all I remember — I didn't even know his name. I know it sounds *appalling.* But this was nearly eight years ago — it's not like it is today. Now you practically need a medical certificate to shake hands with a guy in case he's go AIDS. It's really difficult being a single girl — especially in London.

Quest: Are you saying you were promiscuous?

Manager: Oh no. I knew girls who'd go to bed with a guy just because he bought them dinner. If I had a relationship going I never got involved with anyone else. But if there wasn't anyone special and I met someone I really fancied, then I might go to bed with him. That's what was so special about the man I remember — because we didn't!

Quest: And your man with the moustache?

Manager: He was someone I met at a party, just after I'd broken up with my first boyfriend down here. We were supposed to be going to a party a girlfriend of mine was giving, so I went on my own. I just wanted to get very drunk, and be reckless and perhaps as nasty to some poor unlucky male as my boyfriend had been to me!

Quest: And you chose Moustache?

Manager: I let him choose me. I was really quite peed when he started talking to me. I've no idea what he said — I think he was fairly boring, actually! I just remember that he was good-looking, with a nice body, and this great thick moustache, which reminded me of Clark Gable.

> **What was I doing topless in a hotel bedroom, letting a stranger stroke and fondle me?**

Quest: What happened?

Manager: He gave me a lift home, and he virtually had to carry me up to the flat. I was still sharing then, but the others must have gone to bed. He literally dropped me on my bed. Then he started to undress me, which I thought was an awful cheek. Then I must have passed out. The next thing I remember is having the most incredibly *naughty* dream. I don't remember the details — there seemed to be lots of men doing the most outrageous things to me simultaneously. It was turning me on like crazy. Then I woke up, feeling really frisky, but the feeling didn't go away. I was sprawled on my back on my bed — vaguely aware that there'd been someone with me a moment ago, though he seemed to have vanished, and really not knowing what was happening. Then I heard a grunt — and *felt* it in a very private place — and realised.

Quest: What?

Manager: My friend with the moustache had very kindly pulled off my knickers and had his head buried between my legs!

Quest: Performing cunnilingus?

Manager: In a word, yes!

Quest: Had that not happened to you before?

Manager: Not like that — not by someone with a thick, bristly moustache that seemed to touch me in all the most incredibly sensitive places.

Quest: You didn't object?

Manager: I didn't have much chance! And then this funny boiling, churning feeling started and this incredible tension in my groin, which I'd felt before when I'd had sex, but for the first time it actually seemed to be *leading* to something. And suddenly I came. I didn't know what had happened — I thought my brain had exploded under the pressure!

Quest: Did you go on to have sex with the man?

Manager: No, I threw him out! I was afraid he'd done something dreadful to me. Anyway, I didn't want to know a complete stranger could have that effect on me.

Quest: Were you afraid something similar would happen with your unforgettable man?

Manager: I think I hoped it would!

Quest: How did you meet?

Manager: In France. I went on a camping holiday with a girlfriend called Fiona. We were both twenty one, and we had friends who'd gone to college and they'd enjoyed holidays like that. So we packed rucksacks and just went. We went by trains and buses mostly, and stayed in small, cheap hotels. And we had some good fun — nothing wildly romantic, though. On a touring holiday it's difficult to get to know people very well.

Quest: Did you make love to any of them?

Manager: *I* didn't. I'm sure Fiona did, because she went back to this French guy's tent after a disco at one of the sites, and she didn't get back till nearly five in the morning. She said they'd just talked, but I knew what Fiona was like. It made me quite sick, because he was *gorgeous*!

Quest: Are you saying you were feeling frustrated when you met up with your memorable man?

Manager: I wasn't exactly *dying* for it, but it would have been reassuring to know I could get someone worked up. And then, literally on our last two days, we ran into Brian and Mike at a youth hostel where we'd gone to ask directions. They were staying there — we'd actually booked in a pension down the road. They started chatting to us — or rather Mike did — when they realised we were English too. We ended up having lunch with them, and agreeing to have a drink that evening.

Quest: You were obviously impressed?

Manager: Neither of them were bad-looking, Mike in a fairly obvious way — you know, blond and rugger-buggery, a bit brash, full of chat. But Brian was quite different. Small and dark, for a start, with sort of brooding looks. Quiet, too, but not in a sulky way; I got the feeling he was quite sweet, but shy too. They were a really unlikely pair.

Quest: But Brian impressed you?

Manager: Not immediately, but quite soon. You know that feeling, when you suddenly think to yourself, 'Now *you're* interesting.' It's realising you have to get closer to a person. I hadn't felt that since my last boyfriend.

Quest: What happened that evening?

Manager: Of course I got saddled with Mike, who obviously thought he was making a big impression. Fiona obviously wasn't too happy with Brian, either. In the end she went to bed, and I walked back to the hostel with the boys. I was hoping I'd get a chance to talk to Brian on his own. But, of course, Mike thought I was after *him*, so Brian did a vanishing act, and I couldn't get out of a steamy ten minutes with Mike round the side of the hostel.

Quest: Do you mean you had sex?

Manager: Just a snog. He wanted to come back to my hotel with me, and he tried to slip his hand into my knickers, but I wouldn't let him.

Quest: What about the next day?

Manager: It was *murder*. We had to catch a train just before midnight, so if Brian and I were going to get together it *had* to be today. But Mike clung like a leach. Fiona thought I was crazy. I knew she was annoyed because she really fancied Mike. I wanted her to let Brian know how I felt — without making it *too* obvious. In the end I was so desperate I did something I hadn't done since I was a teenager, and I still blush about it now.

Quest: What was that?

Manager: I got Fiona to give Brian a note, saying I had to see him urgently before I left. Then I said I had to go back to the hotel early that evening to pack, which was more or less true. Mike kicked up a fuss, and insisted on seeing us off at the station. But, as soon as we got back from the picnic, I left the others, and immediately felt awful. Brian wouldn't come, and I'd feel stupid — or he'd think I was offering myself on a plate, which was worse. Either way, I'd made a complete fool of myself.

Quest: Did he come?

Manager: I just sat and twitched in my room until it got dark. Then, when I thought I'd explode, there was a knock on the door. I was terrified. I almost didn't open the door.

Quest: He *had* come?

Manager: *Mike* was there, grinning all over his face. I just stared at him. He said, 'I got your note. Sorry I was so long, but I couldn't shake off the others.' I was dumbfounded — there'd obviously been some horrendous cock-up. And by then Mike was in the room, the door shut, and he was snaking his arms round my waist. I seconds — I didn't even realise he'd been inside me until later. It was just the awfulness of actually having done it that was important. I don't remember *feeling* anything. The boy was my fiance, actually. I think it blighted our relationship — we never did get it together properly in bed!

Quest: Presumably you had a first climax — wasn't the person who gave you that special in some way?

Manager: Yes, he had a very bushy moustache!

Quest: That was all?

Manager: That's honestly all I remember — I didn't even know his name. I know it sounds *appalling.* But this was nearly eight years ago — it's not like it is today. Now you practically need a medical certificate to shake hands with a guy in case he's go AIDS. It's really difficult being a single girl — especially in London.

Quest: Are you saying you were promiscuous?

Manager: Oh no. I knew girls who'd go to bed with a guy just because he bought them dinner. If I had a relationship going I never got involved with anyone else. But if there wasn't anyone special and I met someone I really fancied, then I might go to bed with him. That's what was so special about the man I remember — because we didn't!

Quest: And your man with the moustache?

Manager: He was someone I met at a party, just after I'd broken up with my first boyfriend down here. We were supposed to be going to a party a girlfriend of mine was giving, so I went on my own. I just wanted to get very drunk, and be reckless and perhaps as nasty to some poor unlucky male as my boyfriend had been to me!

Quest: And you chose Moustache?

Manager: I let him choose me. I was really quite peed when he started talking to me. I've no idea what he said — I think he was fairly boring, actually! I just remember that he was good-looking, with a nice body, and this great thick moustache, which reminded me of Clark Gable.

> **What was I doing topless in a hotel bedroom, letting a stranger stroke and fondle me?**

Quest: What happened?

Manager: He gave me a lift home, and he virtually had to carry me up to the flat. I was still sharing then, but the others must have gone to bed. He literally dropped me on my bed. Then he started to undress me, which I thought was an awful cheek. Then I must have passed out. The next thing I remember is having the most incredibly *naughty* dream. I don't remember the details — there seemed to be lots of men doing the most outrageous things to me simultaneously. It was turning me on like crazy. Then I woke up, feeling really frisky, but the feeling didn't go away. I was sprawled on my back on my bed — vaguely aware that there'd been someone with me a moment ago, though he seemed to have vanished, and really not knowing what was happening. Then I heard a grunt — and *felt* it in a very private place — and realised.

Quest: What?

Manager: My friend with the moustache had very kindly pulled off my knickers and had his head buried between my legs!

Quest: Performing cunnilingus?

Manager: In a word, yes!

Quest: Had that not happened to you before?

Manager: Not like that — not by someone with a thick, bristly moustache that seemed to touch me in all the most incredibly sensitive places.

Quest: You didn't object?

Manager: I didn't have much chance! And then this funny boiling, churning feeling started and this incredible tension in my groin, which I'd felt before when I'd had sex, but for the first time it actually seemed to be *leading* to something. And suddenly I came. I didn't know what had happened — I thought my brain had exploded under the pressure!

Quest: Did you go on to have sex with the man?

Manager: No, I threw him out! I was afraid he'd done something dreadful to me. Anyway, I didn't want to know a complete stranger could have that effect on me.

Quest: Were you afraid something similar would happen with your unforgettable man?

Manager: I think I hoped it would!

Quest: How did you meet?

Manager: In France. I went on a camping holiday with a girlfriend called Fiona. We were both twenty one, and we had friends who'd gone to college and they'd enjoyed holidays like that. So we packed rucksacks and just went. We went by trains and buses mostly, and stayed in small, cheap hotels. And we had some good fun — nothing wildly romantic, though. On a touring holiday it's difficult to get to know people very well.

Quest: Did you make love to any of them?

Manager: *I* didn't. I'm sure Fiona did, because she went back to this French guy's tent after a disco at one of the sites, and she didn't get back till nearly five in the morning. She said they'd just talked, but I knew what Fiona was like. It made me quite sick, because he was *gorgeous*!

Quest: Are you saying you were feeling frustrated when you met up with your memorable man?

Manager: I wasn't exactly *dying* for it, but it would have been reassuring to know I could get someone worked up. And then, literally on our last two days, we ran into Brian and Mike at a youth hostel where we'd gone to ask directions. They were staying there — we'd actually booked in a pension down the road. They started chatting to us — or rather Mike did — when they realised we were English too. We ended up having lunch with them, and agreeing to have a drink that evening.

Quest: You were obviously impressed?

Manager: Neither of them were bad-looking, Mike in a fairly obvious way — you know, blond and rugger-buggery, a bit brash, full of chat. But Brian was quite different. Small and dark, for a start, with sort of brooding looks. Quiet, too, but not in a sulky way; I got the feeling he was quite sweet, but shy too. They were a really unlikely pair.

Quest: But Brian impressed you?

Manager: Not immediately, but quite soon. You know that feeling, when you suddenly think to yourself, 'Now *you're* interesting.' It's realising you have to get closer to a person. I hadn't felt that since my last boyfriend.

Quest: What happened that evening?

Manager: Of course I got saddled with Mike, who obviously thought he was making a big impression. Fiona obviously wasn't too happy with Brian, either. In the end she went to bed, and I walked back to the hostel with the boys. I was hoping I'd get a chance to talk to Brian on his own. But, of course, Mike thought I was after *him*, so Brian did a vanishing act, and I couldn't get out of a steamy ten minutes with Mike round the side of the hostel.

Quest: Do you mean you had sex?

Manager: Just a snog. He wanted to come back to my hotel with me, and he tried to slip his hand into my knickers, but I wouldn't let him.

Quest: What about the next day?

Manager: It was *murder*. We had to catch a train just before midnight, so if Brian and I were going to get together it *had* to be today. But Mike clung like a leach. Fiona thought I was crazy. I knew she was annoyed because she really fancied Mike. I wanted her to let Brian know how I felt — without making it *too* obvious. In the end I was so desperate I did something I hadn't done since I was a teenager, and I still blush about it now.

Quest: What was that?

Manager: I got Fiona to give Brian a note, saying I had to see him urgently before I left. Then I said I had to go back to the hotel early that evening to pack, which was more or less true. Mike kicked up a fuss, and insisted on seeing us off at the station. But, as soon as we got back from the picnic, I left the others, and immediately felt awful. Brian wouldn't come, and I'd feel stupid — or he'd think I was offering myself on a plate, which was worse. Either way, I'd made a complete fool of myself.

Quest: Did he come?

Manager: I just sat and twitched in my room until it got dark. Then, when I thought I'd explode, there was a knock on the door. I was terrified. I almost didn't open the door.

Quest: He *had* come?

Manager: *Mike* was there, grinning all over his face. I just stared at him. He said, 'I got your note. Sorry I was so long, but I couldn't shake off the others.' I was dumbfounded — there'd obviously been some horrendous cock-up. And by then Mike was in the room, the door shut, and he was snaking his arms round my waist. I mumbled something about Brian. Mike laughed. 'Oh he's on the phone to his girlfriend again. Third evening in a row. I don't know why he didn't bring her along — it would have cost him less!' Thud. End curtain. Close of beautiful dreams.

Quest: You gave up?

Manager: I just stopped. I couldn't think anymore. Then all I was aware of was Mike undoing the buttons of my blouse, and sliding his hand inside to find my bra catch. I said something like, 'What do you think you're doing?' He didn't even *pause* — he just said, 'I'm doing this.' Then my bra catch opened, and his fingers came up under my cups, pushing them off my breasts and feeling my flesh.

Quest: You didn't really try to stop him?

Manager: It was really weird. I don't remember coming to any conscious decisions. Somewhere deep down I must have thought, 'Oh well, if this is all my holiday's going to offer at least he's quite hunky and really fancies me.' But on another level, I was thinking, 'What on earth am I doing, standing stripped to the waist in a hotel bedroom, letting some man I don't know stroke my nipples and fondle my breasts?' *Then* it finally dawned on me what he was doing to my boobs — which was actually very nice — and my physical feelings started to take over.

Quest: Did you have intercourse?

Manager: It was just as well I'd put my cap in beforehand. We didn't even make it to the bed, though I did make him turn the light out. But he insisted that we both took all our clothes off. It's strange — sometimes the nicest times physically are when you really don't expect very much. Then he got on top of me and we did it.

Quest: Did you climax?

Manager: Very gently, I think. Sometimes it's even nicer than the grand-slam. I have to admit that I did think of Brian as Mike was doing it.

Quest: Did you see Brian again?

Manager: That was the worst part of it. He turned up at the station, and, literally just as the train was going, planted this sudden, fierce kiss on my lips, which knocked me out!

Quest: So he had fancied you, after all?

Manager: He'd obviously been too shy, or guilty, to do anything about it. But life's full of disappointments like that, isn't it!

Quest: Thank you.

Quest: Have you ever known an instantly memorable girl — a woman you can't imagine forgetting?

Draughtsman: Oh, that would have to be Gina. She had a devastating effect — and not just on me, either.

Quest: Who was she?

Draughtsman: A girl I met when I was 25 — about a year after I'd broken up with someone I lived with for nearly four years. I must have still been a bit tender from that.

Quest: How did you meet?

Draughtsman: She kiss-o-grammed me. I was sharing a house, and threw a party vaguely celebrating my birthday. One of the girls actually made me a birthday cake. I was just about to cut it, when this small, very attractive blonde pushed through the crowd, dressed in a schoolgirl uniform with a cushion stuffed under her gymslip. She was calling out something like, 'Oh how could you do this to me! Why won't you speak to me any more?' She had long, frizzy blonde hair, a very pretty, lively face. I realised what was happening, but I was still flummoxed, but I nearly fell through the floor when she suddenly whipped off her blouse and skirt. Underneath she was wearing black fishnet stockings, a suspender belt, and the skimpiest, sheerest teddy I'd ever seen. And her figure was superb, very shapely indeed. Then she recited this rhyming happy birthday message, finishing up with a line about being here to titillate the birthday boy. And that was when she jerked down the top of her teddy, exposed a pair of the juiciest, firmest boobs I'd ever seen in the flesh, rubbed them against my chest and planted a big, smacking kiss on my cheek. I'm sure if I hadn't been so shocked I'd have come on the spot! The whole room was poleaxed — I was in love, instantly! Afterwards I found out she'd been booked by a friend who'd met her when she'd been going out with one of his flatmates. Apparently they'd kept in touch ever since. I couldn't understand how anyone could just be *friends* with a bombshell like that. He just said, 'Oh Gina's too much for me to handle. She's a nice girl though.' After that, I badgered the poor guy, insisting he arrange a meeting. Eventually he said he was meeting her for a drink one evening, why didn't I come along?

Quest: How did it go?

Draughtsman: It was one of those evenings that you dream about — when you hit a high, and you think, 'This can't last, I'm not this lucky. But you are.' I think I've had about three in my entire lifetime. We met at a wine bar, and Gina was late. She had her hair up, and she was wearing slacks and a blouse, but she looked even more stunning than I remembered. And she was just like she'd been at the party — very open and friendly, very bright, and in a marvellous mood. After we'd got through a couple of bottles she decided she'd like to go to a disco, so off we went. I think it was in a hotel somewhere. My mate and I took turns bopping with Gina, who was obviously happy to go on all night. Then he began to flag, and Gina and I started talking more together. She was telling me how she wanted to be a model and perhaps go into show business. We were sitting thigh to thigh by now, and I really felt I was onto something.

Quest: Did you make a pass?

Draughtsman: I was frantically working out how to, without blowing it. But in the end she simply murmured, 'Oh God, I'm fading. Shall we go home?' It was as straightforward as that.

> **'Nude, her body was unbelievable. I remember thinking, This doesn't happen to me'**

PERSONAL FILE

Name . . . . Witheld
Sex . . . . Male
Age . . . . 34 Years
Town of Origin . . . . Wellingborough
Other details . . . . Interviewee studied commerical drawing, and is now a senior draughtsman in a Midlands engineering consultancy. He is married with two young children.

Quest: Did you assume she was inviting you to sleep with her?

Draughtsman: I didn't *dare* assume anything. We both helped my chum into my car — he was dead on his feet by then — plonked him on his doorstep, drove on to Gina's flat and followed her inside. It was so normal and *easy* it was uncanny. She didn't even put on the living room light, only the bedroom light. 'Do you mind sleeping on the right hand side?' she said. 'I never feel right on the other side.' I was so bowled over I couldn't have answered, because she frowned at me, and asked, 'You *can* stay, can't you?' But I still didn't believe it would happen until I touched her naked body in bed.

Quest: What did happen exactly?

Draughtsman: She told me to use the bathroom first. I then moved on to the bedroom, undressed and got into bed. I heard her splashing away, and a couple of minutes later she came in — absolutely naked. Her body was unbelievable — very slim and shapely, tiny waist, gorgeous legs, and the sort of boobs that just sat there, full and rounded on her chest. I remember thinking, 'This doesn't happen to me. I must have been a saint in a previous life.' She was completely uninhibited, but not unself-conscious. She obviously knew she had a great body, which was reasonable enough, but I could see she was waiting for a reaction. That didn't take long.

Quest: You made love?

Draughtsman: She turned off the main light, left a small bedside lamp on and slipped in beside me. I don't think we even kissed. I just reached across, put my hand on her waist, then brought it up onto the incredible firmness of her boob. She twisted toward me, and we were away.

Quest: How did she make love?

Draughtsman: Very enthusiastically — almost *too* enthusiastically, looking back. Not that I was complaining. I was just desperate to get inside her before I exploded.

Quest: Did she climax?

Draughtsman: There were plenty of moans and groans, but I doubt if I gave her the time. I think she regarded the first screw as preliminary, anyway. She was most assertive the second time.

Quest: In what way?

Draughtsman: While I slumped, she sat up and began stroking my cock — even dipping her head and giving the tip a few gentle licks. When after a bit I was stiff again, she gave me a grin, and straddled me. 'I like doing it this way round, don't you?' she said. Then she started teasing, grinning at me as she rubbed the crown of my cock against her mound. The sight of her looming over me was incredible — if I'd had anything left, it would have exploded all over her. Then I noticed she kept glancing over her shoulder, so I lifted my head and looked.

Quest: To see what?

Draughtsman: Two full length mirrors — one on the wall at the end of the bed, the other on a wardrobe on one side. I hadn't noticed them before. We both giggled when she realised I'd seen them. I made some remark about her being kinky, but she said, 'No, I just like seeing how I'm doing —' Then she lifted herself higher, moving her pussy lips backwards and forwards over my tip, until they parted and I slipped inside. And we started fucking again, and I couldn't care less who was watching what.

Quest: Did the relationship prosper?

Draughtsman: I wasn't sure. In the morning I woke to find her gone. A note on the pillow said, 'Sorry, early start. You were gorgeous! Love G.' But I didn't see her again for two weeks.

> **'The next one's a boob-a-gram', she giggled. 'Gives them a chance for a lovely long ogle**

Quest: Why not?

Draughtsman: Every time I rang her, she was working in the evening — she seemed to be living on kiss-o-gram work — which meant she was only free during the day. Then I got this call from her when I arrived home from work one evening.

Quest: To say what?

Draughtsman: She'd been let down by her driver. She had a busy evening, and she wondered if I could help, which of course I could.

Quest: Go on.

Draughtsman: I picked her up from her flat. She was already in the gear she'd worn for my kiss-o-gram — teddy, stockings and fishnets — and laughingly, but firmly declined my offer of an immediate shag. *'Afterwards,'* she grinned, kissing me, 'just be a teeny bit patient.' Then we were off. She took three outfits with her — the schoolgirl, a nun, and a wpc, complete with whistle. The pace was killing. Four stops in the first hour, including two offices and a pub. I'd drive at breakneck speed, while Gina wriggled into each new costume on the back seat and tried to keep track of names. Then she'd throw on an old raincoat, disappear inside, I'd hear distant cheers and whoops, and she'd be back in five minutes usually, wrapped up in her coat again, flushed with excitement. And she obviously did get an enormous buzz out of it.

Quest: Was that a problem?

Draughtsman: Not at first. It just seemed a good laugh to share — the thought of all those straining cocks she left scattered around the East Midlands, knowing *I* was going to get the benefit later. Then, as we started on the private parties after nine, I noticed her wriggling out of her teddy in the back, and snapping on a front-loading bra. I asked her casually if she fancied a change. 'Oh the next one's a boob-a-gram,' she said, and laughed. 'Gives them a chance for a lovely, long ogle.' I asked why I hadn't had the benefit for my birthday. 'It's on the agency's card,' she said. 'Anyway, you should wait for the one after — that's a full strip!' I thought she was joking.

Quest: She wasn't?

Draughtsman: No. She rushed back into the car, wrapped up as usual, and as we drove off I got a flash of bare boob, then she lifted her legs and began rolling knickers back on. 'You don't really strip right off?' I said. 'Yes, of course,' she said easily. 'I love seeing their faces. You can see them thinking, ''Oh she won't *really* do that.'' Then I do! It pays well too, almost as good as a stag party strip. I've got one at the end of the evening. They're people I know — you can probably watch if you like.'

Quest: What did that involve?

Draughtsman: She told me, 'As soon as I get there, these fellows are going to give the birthday boy his bumps, but at the end they'll strip him. That's when I burst in in my policewoman's outfit and arrest him for immoral behaviour. Then I do a strip and lick him all over. It always goes down really well.' I didn't know what to say. I felt angry, which I knew was stupid. I'd only spent one night with the girl — she didn't owe me anything.

Quest: What happened?

Draughtsman: I sat outside this terraced house, watching her slip in, listening to cheers, than an even louder set. She was longer than usual. I started to think, 'Christ, they're probably screwing her stupid.' But as I got out of the car a fellow appeared at the front door and beckoned me over. He was laughing. 'Sorry, mate,' he said, 'Gina's had a bit of an accident.' The hall was full of fellows swilling booze, and it was obvious something had happened. Gina was in the bathroom upstairs. She let me in when I knocked. All she was wearing was her fishnets and suspender belt, which she was rubbing with a damp flannel. She looked flushed and, she giggled embarrassedly when she saw me. 'Oh God — the poor guy,' she said. Apparently the victim had been on the floor, having his Y-fronts yanked off, when she'd burst in. He'd been as poleaxed as I'd been, especially when she'd immediately done a full strip. Then Gina had leapt on him, and began rubbing her boobs all over his chest. 'It was only meant to be short and sharp,' she said. 'But then there was this cheer, and I felt something nudge my bottom.' She began giggling again. 'He had the most *enormous* hard-on — like *instantly!* I really didn't know what to do. I mean, it hardly ever happens — they're usually too knocked out. Then the *awful* thing happened —' By this time I felt like ice. 'I must have touched it or something as I got up, because he just *exploded!* Isn't that *dreadful* —?' But, by the way her eyes shone, I'd have said the incident had turned her on like crazy.

Quest: But not you?

Draughtsman: I just remember my chum's remark about Gina being too much to handle. Then there was a knock at the door, it opened and two fellows appeared in the doorway. One was large and sheepish-looking, with a towel clutched over his crotch. He went scarlet as he saw Gina. The other was dressed, and laughing. 'Great one, Gina!' he said. 'A classic!' The big guy began mumbling embarrassed apologies. 'Don't be silly,' Gina cut in. 'Accidents can happen.' It was only then, I noticed, she reached for her knickers and began pulling them up. Then the dressed fellow said, 'Come and join the party, love. It's been ages since we've seen you. You're fine as you are.' She'd been reaching for her bra, and she laughed. But she didn't pick it up. Then the dressed one stepped in, clutched her round the waist and buried his head in her bare boobs. She squealed and pulled away. 'Lovely!' he grinned. 'Best tits in the Midlands, I always said. Come and flash them downstairs before John can do something else embarrassing.' And protesting, and laughing, she let herself be dragged away downstairs.

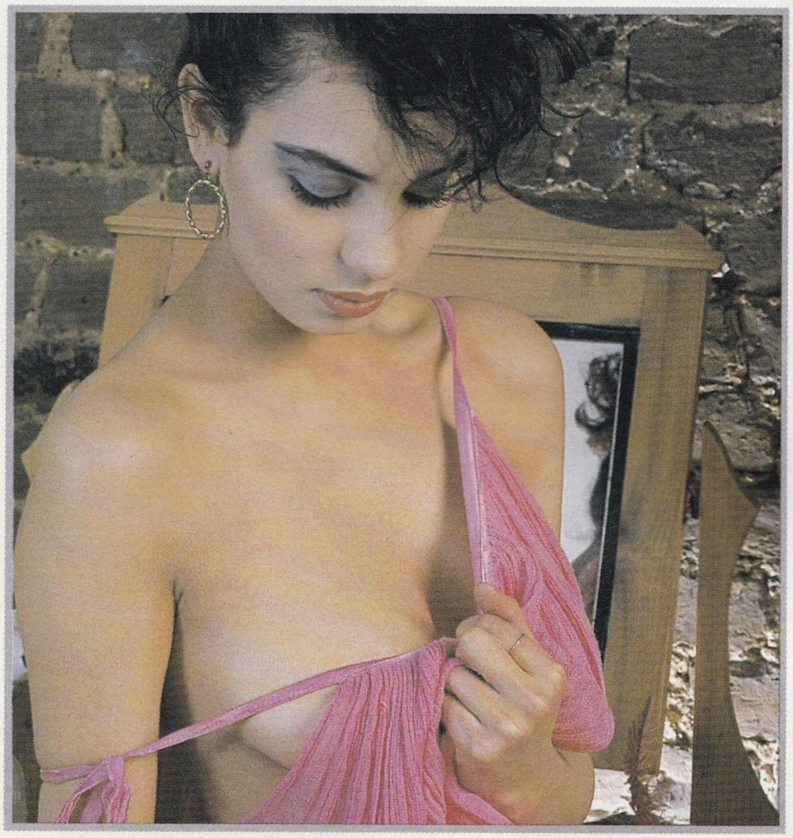
Quest: What did you do?

Draughtsman: I wanted to go, she didn't,and she couldn't understand why men got so uptight when all she wanted to was enjoy herself. I remarked that virtually fucking a guy in front of his mates was going too far as far as I was concerned. That was it. Marching orders. I still think, what if I'd been more tolerant, should I have been less possessive — someone so gorgeous had every right to show off. I don't know. But the memories still keep me warm.

Quest: Thank you.

CARMEN

When people hear where Carmen Dawnay was born, and where she lives now, the usual reaction is one of blank disbelief. Who in their right mind, they ask, would leave the Seychelles for a rambling Victorian house in the west of London? Twenty-one-year-old Carmen's eyes sparkle brightly.



'When you're only three months old it's hard to say what sort of ''mind'' you're in,' she says. 'But lush beaches and tropical sunsets don't have a thing on a well-warmed bottle of baby milk!' Carmen's father was, in fact, an engineer, only living in the islands on a short term contract, which duly ended.

Not that that was the end of Carmen's travels in exotic regions. 'Not a bit of it!' she says. 'I'm the only girl I know who's attended schools in Chiswick, Wanganui — which is in New Zealand — and a mission school halfway up the Andes! My father took the whole family with him wherever he worked.'

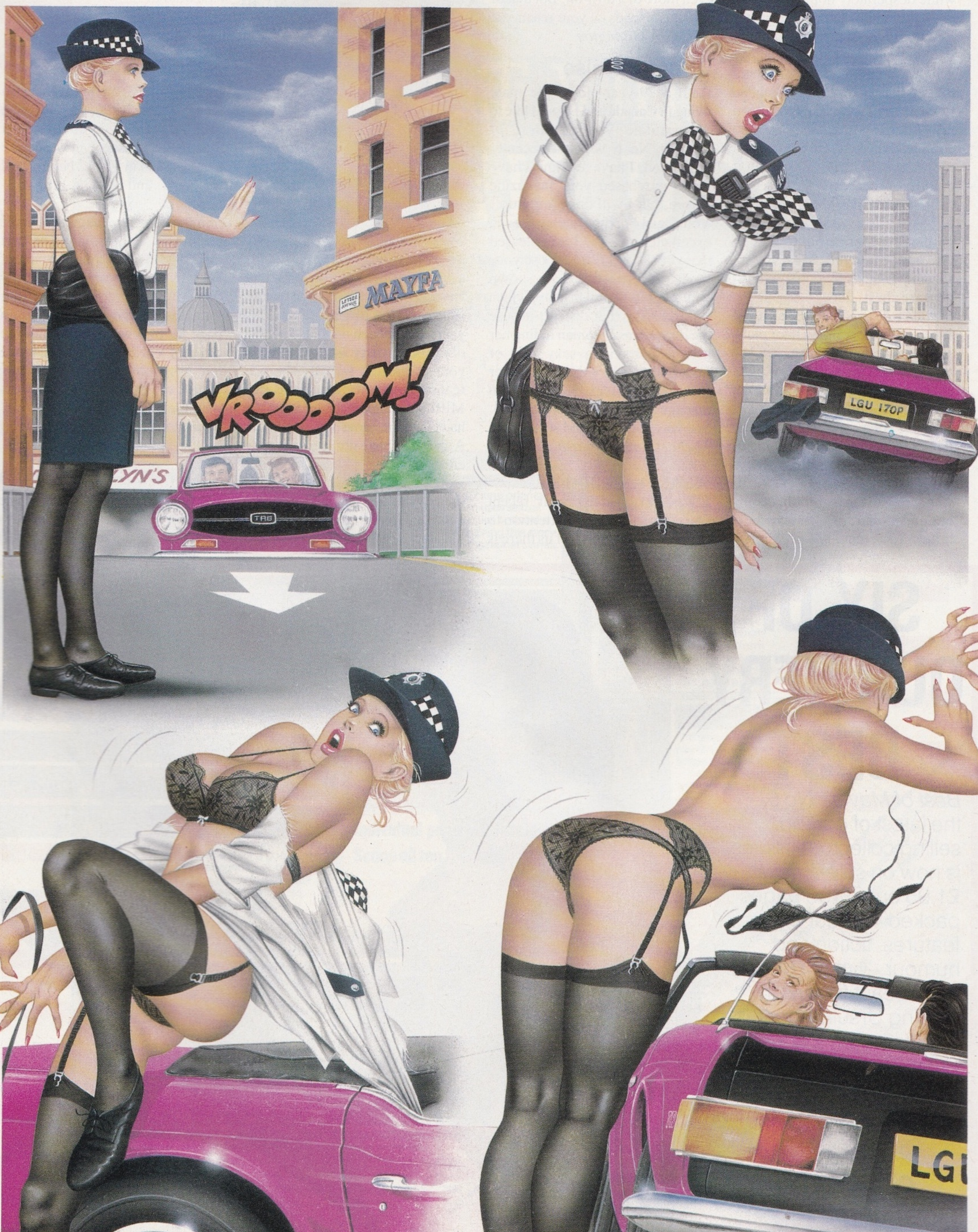
She grins at the memory. 'Then one day it dawned on them that their daughter was turning into a little savage, so I was bundled home to the grandparents in West London.' Now fully grown into a head-turning 34-22-34 inches, Carmen has still not severed her links with far off exotic places.

'It would be hard. I'm a quarter Indian. Perhaps that's why I've always gone for dark, Latin-type looks in my boyfriends — two of them actually were Italian — *very* good-looking, but much too jealous for me!' Did she tend to make boyfriends jealous? 'Only if they get too serious. I'm too young to settle yet.'

Meanwhile she is fully occupied as a live-in nanny for a family with three small children, and a large dog. 'I've a strong maternal streak, which the job uses up fairly well. By the time I finish a full day with them I don't have much energy left for romance. I have to save it all up for my days off.' She grins. 'Then watch out!'

CARRIE

WPC Carrie's an arresting sight on point duty



MAYFA
VROOOOM!
LYN'S
TR6
LGU 170P
LGU

TR6
CRASH!
BANG!
SCREEECH!
CRUNCH!
SMASH!
KOP
STEVE KINGSTON

TONI MALONE

MAYFAIR

Girl of the month

CURITY